TO PROCURE SLEEP

OBSERVANCE OF NATURAL CONDITIONS ESSENTIAL.

Certain Laws That Must Be Obeyed If Insomnia Is to Be Conquered—Preserving the Well-Being of the Body.

Two sad letters have come to me. One says: "Can you tell me of any harmless sleeping powder that I can take? I can't sleep and my looks are being ruined." The other asks more calmly for a tonic for "nervousness" and adds: "I cannot sleep or eat. I am so nervous and restless. I hope you can help me."

Where shall I begin my answer? With common sense, it seems to me, with the warning that neither drugs nor nostrums will promote either healthful or beautifying sleep; with advice to these two women, and to all others who suffer in a similar way, to look first to Nature for the cure of this great ill.

The healthy body is the one that knows the great boon of sleep as a matter of course, so if the soft unconsciousness that "knits up the raveled sleeve of care" is denied you, you may be sure that something is wrong with the casket that holds your restless spirit. Are your habits of life regular, reasonable, which is to say, hygienic? Are the hours for your meals prompt, is the food itself well cooked and of a digestible and nourishing sort? Do you drink plenty of water—quite three pints a day are necessary—breathe deeply, sleep in a well-ventilated room, exercise outdoors and void the bowels at least once thoroughly in every 24 hours? All of these things, and more like unto them—the warm bath that cleanses the skin and soothes the nerves, for instance—are necessary for the body's well being.

In short, sensible and regular habits of life constitute the first and really only sure cure for sleeplessness, which is the sensitive temperament's way of showing that something is wrong. Two weeks of regular living alone would put the worst nerves in something like order, so unless a woman is desperately ill in some other way, there is no excuse for her not sleeping. Drugs are out of the question for the ordinary case of sleeplessness, and no tonic, however good, will in itself alone reach the root of the matter. The habits of life must all be changed first; you must live according to the dictates of Nature for wakefulness and sleep to come at their right times and to be good and wholesome and beautifying.

Let me take up the matter of outdoor exercise. The fresh air so stored up in the lungs is in itself soporific, in that the new oxygen freshens the blood and starts up a more healthy action of the heart. Then the tramp outdoors lifts the mind to a higher plane, the troubled spirit, which inherits the memory that once all humankind lived outdoors, is pacified. The deep breathing is life itself, and if the mind is fixed upon the business in hand while this is being done it is even possible to absorb a fine essence from the air which is in a way immortal. At any rate, the wise people of India claim this, while a very gifted American woman who has mastered all the gymnastics that promote health and beauty, claims that it is impossible to be fair and graceful without deep breathing. It is a fact that those who breathe properly live far longer than those who breathe any old way.

Accompanied by lung exercises, there are mental and mechanical gymnastics for making the veriest wide-awake a sleepy-head. The mind is involved. When bed time comes you must teach your mind to drop the little worries of day; then when the night toilet is prepared, you must take 20 deep breaths at an open window (wrap up well) and go to your couch in the firm belief that you will sleep. It is a very easy matter to hypnotize the mind into the stay-awake state. If you think that a banging shutter, or some other trifle, will keep you from sleeping, it will. Get into bed, then, perfectly assured of the kindness of the Sand Man, and stretch out first with a deep inhalation that seems to run from the toes to the top of the head. Lie on the back for this, with every muscle relaxed, and the arms lying lifeless, heel to heel. Then begin and breathe with one part of your body after the other, doing this, of course, as much with the mind as with the lungs. Start with the right foot, beginning the inhalations low down, as it seems, in the lungs, yet drawing the breath as it seems, too, through the leg as if it were hollow. Go to the left leg with the same process, take the right arm, the left, the heart, the brain. At last take another breath or two from the toes to the brain for the final washing out. But let me make a prediction—if you count ten with the breathing of each part of you, before you get to the left arm the Sand Man will have come, unless yours is a hopeless case of nervousness.

A glass of warm milk drunk at night just before going to bed is very soothing to the nerves, and sometimes serves as a definite sleeping potion, as an entirely empty stomach often causes sleeplessness. Keeping the feet warm in bed is another little remedy surely open to all, for it does not require much to know that cold feet means that the blood is in the head and that this must be drawn away before sleep can come. In extreme cases of wakefulness, then, it is a good thing to take a hot foot bath just before going to bed and the feet can be rubbed with turpentine, which will increase the warmth and pleasant tingle.

As to the bath for cleanliness, I cannot give it too much importance where the health and comfort of the aenemic woman is involved. It is absolutely necessary to keep the pores of the skin open for the nerves to be soothed, as the greater part of the body's breathing is done through them. If the hot bath at night promotes wakefulness, it had better be taken in the day, but if it can be taken without this effect, then all the better, for in this case it will be still another aid toward sleep. But remember always that the aememic body requires hot water, as hot as it can be borne; and as soap is tonic in its effects on the skin, don't be chary of using it. A medicated bath is also sometimes of enormous benefit in cases of sleeplessness.

Katherine Morton

A KINDERGARTEN FOR MULES

BY MARY K. MAULE

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"MULES," said "Uncle Dan" Boyington, "are like women—they have never been understood."

The statement was received with laughter, but the old horseman bravely held his ground.

"Folks may laugh all they're a mind to," he declared stoutly; "but I've made a study of 'em—mules, I mean—not women—and I am sure there's not one person in a hundred knows anything about the real character of a mule. I know, because for the past 20 years I've made it the business of my life to teach and study horses and mules, and I guess there are not many men in this country that know much more about them than I do."

There was no disputing that, for "Uncle Dan" Boyington, as he is familiarly known throughout the horse and cattle country of the great west, has devoted the best part of his life to teaching and training animals and is now making it his special work to show horse trainers and "bronco busters how they may accomplish their aims in a more thorough, a more scientific, and a more human method, by educating and not breaking the spirit of the animals.

"I have always loved all animals," continued Mr. Boyington, "but the way I first got interested in mules was by watching them when I was head horseman with the Barnum and Bailey circus and seeing the amount of intelligence and good, hard common-sense they brought to bear on their work. Now you may not know it, but an animal has as much what you might call 'system' in his work, as a man. Nearly every one works differently; and it is the man who knows this and who lets them use their own intelligence and judgment that gets the most and the best work out of them. If the contractor who is employing a gang of men stood over them with a whip, and lashed and cursed them every time they lifted a hammer or struck a pick differently from the way he would have done it if he was doing the work, I don't believe he would get ahead very fast with his job; do you? The good boss watches his men and many a time he learns from them how to improve his own methods.

"It's just the same with animals; if you watch those you are working with, many a time they teach you. Now I often noticed how intelligently a mule went at his work—yes, I knew you'd smile at that. But what I mean is that he always seemed to go at it deliberately and in a quiet, determined way, as if he had thought it all out and knew just what he was going to do, and exactly how he was going to do it. Now that is my own method of working, and I got to kind of respecting the mules for it. Often in loading and unloading the circus wagons I've seen a mule use the greatest intelligence, sometimes extricating himself and his load from a difficult or awkward position with far more common-sense and judgment than were shown by his driver.

"After awhile I made up my mind that a mule was not stupid, he was only slow; that he was not obstinate, he was only cautious.

"One night a crowd of us were talking things over, and one of the fellows, a Missourian, made the old comparison about somebody's being 'as dumb as a mule.' I resented it and said right out that mules were not 'dumb,' or stupid either. All the rest of the crowd declared they were, and that got my dander up, and right then and there I put up a hundred dollars and made a bet with the Missourian that I could take a bunch of common work mules, picked up anywhere, young or old, broke or unbroke, and in six months I could drive 'em anywhere I wanted to go without lines, bridle or halter, and have 'em understand every word I said to them.

"Of course the fellows all hooted at that; but I put up the money with the boss, and started right in to pick up my bunch of mules. I'd been intending to get a bunch together anyway and I thought this was a goo time to do it. Well, I picked up my little mules, about 20 of them, all over the country. Some I paid only a few dollars for. Some of 'em were little fellows, scarcely more than colts, others were poor, old, battered creatures, scarred and lamed with years of brutal service and sold off in their old age for a mere song. When the show went into winter quarters I took my little bunch of mules down into the country, and out in a big open pasture I began what I like to call my 'mule school.'

"I had made up my mind before this that mules were intelligent; but nobody was more surprised at the way that bunch developed than I was myself. I've spent my whole life out on the plains, working with and associating with animals—a good deal more than I have with men—and I had by this time thought out a kind of system about the way an animal ought to be taught.

"I believe the first thing a person ought to do in training any animal is to awaken its interest, then its love. Then, when your pupil has learned his first and best lesson—trust—you are ready to begin his education. I don't believe in driving an animal to learn. I think all kinds of learning ought to be a pleasure, and I began to teach my little mules by playing with them. They soon grew to like our little games as much as I did and I was simply astonished at how they learned."

"Why," said the visitor who for the first time was visiting the mule school, "that is Froebel's system."

"Whose system? Froebel? Who was he? An animal trainer? Never heard of him. No; I don't know anything about systems or anything like that, all I know is what I studied out from nature. I believe every animal thinks, and the first thing I do after I have got him to love and trust me, is to awaken his intelligence. I believe in letting men, children and animals do their own thinking. I never use a whip in training my animals, and I never scold or shout at them. I tell them what I want, talk to them, show them, pet them, and when they make even an attempt to do what I tell them,, I praise and reward them liberally. The first time your horse or mule puts out his nose to your hand or raises his foot at your command is like the first time your baby picks out the crooked S or the round O—it is the A, B, C of his education.

"When I have shown my pupil how to do a thing once or twice I appeal to his reason. I give him time and let him work the thing out in his own mind. Often I have left the corral after a lesson, and when I returned I would find the mules trying to do by themselves the thing I had been teaching them. You would be surprised how quickly they get the idea. One of the very first things a man who works with animals should find out is that every animal has its own individuality, its own ideas, thoughts, plans and feelings, and that these should be counted upon and respected.

"When a man is training a mule he ought to study its character and disposition. All horses—or mules—can't be taught alike, any more than all children. Some animals need more patience, more care, more time to master their lessons than others. Some, like some children, are backward and diffident, and these have to be cheered, encouraged, petted, praised and rewarded more than others. I am a great believer in rewards, anyway, and always have my pockets full of apples and sugar for my pets. They soon learn to know it, too; why, I have a little mule out there—but perhaps—" with a modest smile, "perhaps you would like to see my mule school?"

When the visitor had given an enthusiastic assent, she was led to a big green pasture where, scattered over its velvety expanse, 20 or 30 mules were grazing quietly.

The professor of this novel school used no bell to call his pupils to their duties. Walking up to the bars he called musically: "Oi-ya, oi-ya, oi-ya," and before the echoes of his voice had died out on the sunny morning air the mules were galloping toward him from every part of the field, kicking up their heels and braying joyfully as they came.

"Now line up there, boys," he said, speaking in a low, pleasant, conversational tone, "and show the lady what fine scholars you are."

The rough, shaggy, long-eared creatures crowded up to the bars, rubbing their heads against the "professor's" shoulder, nipping at his ears, nuzzling his neck, and showing, as plainly as dumb creatures could, how much they loved him.

They were wonderfully intelligent, those plebeian and unlovely little mules, marvelously intelligent at their clever and amusing tricks, their intricate maneuvers, the varied and surprising knowledge they displayed. They marched and counter-marched; drilled as skillfully as a troop of soldiers; counted and spelled; waltzed and polkaed; teetered on a plank; sat up like dogs on their hindquarters, and answered questions by nodding and shaking their funny, shaggy heads; chewed gum in imitation of the young ladies they had seen on the street; pretended to faint, and would not come to until revived with sundry caresses and lumps of sugar; and a multitude of other amusing tricks that made in part the cleverest animal performance it was ever the visitor's fortune to witness.

"But how did you ever accomplish it?" was asked in astonishment, "these are just common, ordinary mules, and yet they display almost human intelligence. I never imagined a mule could learn so much."

"A mule," replied the "professor" with a pleased smile, "knows more than you, or I, or many other people imagine. He not only knows, but he remembers. I could go away now and not see these little fellows for ten years, and at the end of that time if I were to come back they would not only remember me, but they would recollect every one of the tricks I have taught them. It would take me all day, and more, to show you all they know. They learn not only from me, but from one another. When I teach anything to one the rest seem jealous. They look on with the greatest attention, and the first thing I know half a dozen are doing the tricks I taught only one; and when I laugh or seem pleased they kick up and gambol about, exactly like a lot of little boys who thought they had done something exceptionally smart.

"I think," he went on presently in a thoughtful tone, "that the world has been overlooking a very useful factor in so misunderstanding the mule. It is my experience that no animal brings more common-sense and intelligence to bear on its work than a mule—if he is only given a chance. A horse and a mule are very differently constituted. A horse is quick, nervous, high-strung, and both acts and comprehends much quicker than a mule. A horse would rush into danger without stopping to investigate, while a mule would not. A horse learns much more quickly, but he also forgets much more quickly than a mule. The reason so many people think the mule stupid and obstinate is because he is cautious and slow to make up his mind. But if you will give him time and let him convince himself a thing is all right, he will never forget it and he will never again hesitate to do that thing or go into that place."

Making the Best of a Good Thing.

When King Edward was last at Cowes the coxswain of his yacht, having been more than usually careful in looking after Queen Alexandra's comfort, was summoned to the royal presence. The queen, presenting the man with a guinea, said:

"Now, my friend, what will you have to drink?"

"Why," please your majesty," says the coxswain, "I am not thirsty."

"But," said her royal highness, "you must have a drink with me. What shall it be, a dram, a glass of grog, or a tumbler of punch?"

"Why," said Jack, "as I am to drink with your royal highness, it wouldn't be good manners to be backward, so I'll take the dram now, and will be taking the glass of grog while your majesty is mixing the tumbler of punch for me."

Rural Innocence.

After showing the old farmer around the college grounds they rested a while on the campus.

"And now," drawled the old man, slowly, "I'd like to see the cattle pen."

"Cattle pen?" asked the guide, in astonishment. "Who ever gave you the idea that there was a cattle pen connected with this college?"

"Why, my son Ezra. He wrote that all the boys up here were buying Boston bulls."

Discrimination.

"Bliggins' baby has beautiful golden locks."

"Then it's a girl," replied Mr. Sirius Barker.

"How do you know?"

"Only girls have golden locks. If it had been a boy you'd say it was red headed."

Smart Styles

A LITTLE study of the pattern hats shown in this group will make the reader familiar with three of the very best models in elegant millinery. The black chip hat on the standing figure has a medium high crown with a crushed band about it of wide velvet ribbon. The full rosette of white lace is centered with a jet cabochon. A big spray of artificial wheat made of white silk fiber springs from this aigrette. Black and white is a beautiful combination and harmonizes with any costume. The hat having a flower crown of violets and chrysanthemum is all in lavender and amethyst shades with the satin facing shading off toward pink—the color known as pink-lavender. Wide ribbon is crushed about the base of the crown and three loops at the right make a sprightly finish.

The third hat with its sharp upward turn at the left is of yellow straw faced with black velvet. A plain band of black velvet ribbon with a flat bow of two loops at the right is good style. The finishing touch is the cluster of tiny June roses of so pale a pink that the color is only hinted. They are exquisitely made by tulle and form a rosette backed by dark, glossy green foliage.

It will be noticed that all brims flare and that shapes set well down on the head. Hats are so roomy in the crown that unless much hair is worn the milliner fits them by means of a round boudeau called a "halo." It is good style to wear the hat well down over the face, but in instances where this fashion is not becoming they are lifted by this halo boudeau to the desired pose.

HAD A PRIVATE MENAGERIE

No Other Explanation for Colonel's Extraordinary Outbreak Seems Possible.

"Hit's a wonder to me," said the old family servant, "dat de ol' kunnel don't go into de circus business, out an' out—he see so many animiles 'long 'bout de Chris'mus time, an' dey does sich funny tricks! Leastways, dat what he say. Only yistiddy de preacher come ter see him, ridin' of his ol' blin' hoss—I mean de hoss what blin' in one eye—an' w'en de kunnel spied him he holler out: 'Git off dem two elephants, an' tu'n dat tiger aloose, for' he bite de life outen you! An' shoo dem two monkeys off yo' shoulder, an' don't let dat giraffe poke his long neck in my winder!' Well, suh, de preacher wuz cl'ar kerflummuxed, he wuz, seein' ez dar warn't nuttin' 't all dar but him an' his ol' blin' hoss; but w'en he seen de kunnel grab his ol' war musket an' holler dat he'd shoot dem monkeys off his shoulder, de preacher say: 'Lawd he'p him!' an' de time dat ol' blin' hoss made gittin' back ter whar he come fum wus too quick ter be sot down in de racin' rickords!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Returning to Prose.

Flushed with triumph and 90 degrees in the shade, parched and scant of breath, they stood upon the towering mountain peak, and surveyed the gorgeous panorama that spread itself beneath them like a two-inch to the mile ordnance map of the whole world.

"There!" she exclaimed, angrily. "We have climbed all this distance to admire the beauties of nature, and we've left the glass at home!"

Tranquilly smiling, he shifted the lunch basket to the other arm.

"Never mind, dear," he replied. "There's nobody about. It won't hurt us just this once to drink out of the bottle."—Answers.

A Small Loaf.

A half-famished fellow in the southern states tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "small by by degrees and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed: "Who's there?" and was answered: "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it; put it through the keyhole."

To love abundantly is to live abundantly, and to love forever is to live forever.—Drummond.